

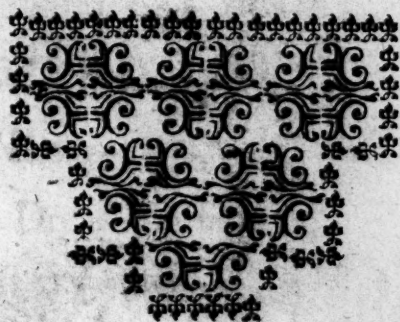
He.

THE

Curious Maid,

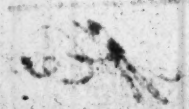
A

T A L E.

*by Mr. Prior.**Obstupuit, steteruntq; Comæ.*

L O N D O N:

Sold by A. Dodd near Temple-Bar, T. Edlin against Exeter-
Exchange, and J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. (Pr. 3d)



THE

Curious Maid

A

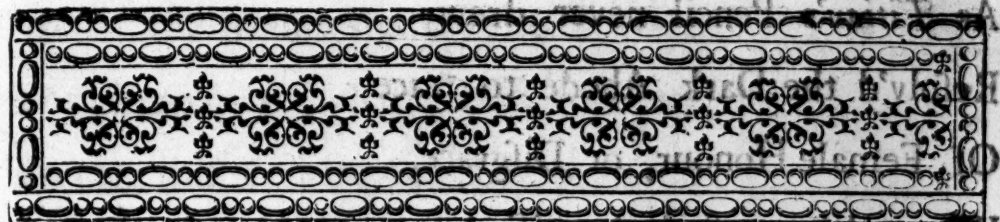
TALF

Obsequies, History, &c.



LONDON:

Sold by A. Dodd near Temple-Bar, T. Edlin against Exeter
Exchange, and J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. (P. 3d)



T H E

Curious MAID.

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,
 To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
 Within the Entertainment lies,
 Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus *Cloe* beautiful, and gay,
 As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
 Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
 Her Conquests of the Day before

And what's this hidden Charm? (she cry'd)
 And spurn'd th' embracing Clothes aside

A

From

From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,
 As *Titian's* Pencil never drew,
 Resolv'd the Dark Abode to trace
 Of Female Honour, or Disgrace,
 Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
 And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt She makes, and buckles to
 With all her Might ; but 'twou'd not do :
 Still, as She bent, the Part requir'd,
 As conscious of its Shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? we're all a-ground!
 Some other Method must be found —
 Water *Narcissus* Face cou'd show,
 And why not *Cloe's* Charms below?
 Big with this Project, She applies
 The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs;
 But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? we're foil'd again!
 The *Devil's* in the Dice, that's plain!
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd;
 No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd;

No

No *Bard*, whose gentler *Muse* excels
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom-Wells*,
 Ordain'd, by *Phæbus* special *Grace*,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tagg his fav'rite *Simile*.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand !
 For lo! the *Glass* — ay, that indeed !
 'Tis ten to one we now succeed !
 To this Relief She flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the shining Plain,
 The shining Plain reflects at large
 All *Damon's* Wish, and *Cloe's* Charge.
 The Curious Maid in deep Surprise,
 On the grim *Feature* fix'd her Eyes :
 Far less amaz'd *Æneas* stood,
 When by *Avernus* sacred Flood,
 He saw *Hell's* Portal fring'd with Wood.

And is this all, is this (She cry'd)
 Man's great Desire and Woman's Pride ;
 The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,
 The Ocean where 'tis lost again,

By

By Fate for ever doom'd to prove

The Nursery and Grave of Love?

O Thou of dire and horrid Mein,

And always better felt than seen!

Fit Rapture for the gloomy Night,

O, never more approach the Light!

Like other *Myſt'ries*, Men Adore,

Be hid to be rever'd the more!

FINIS.